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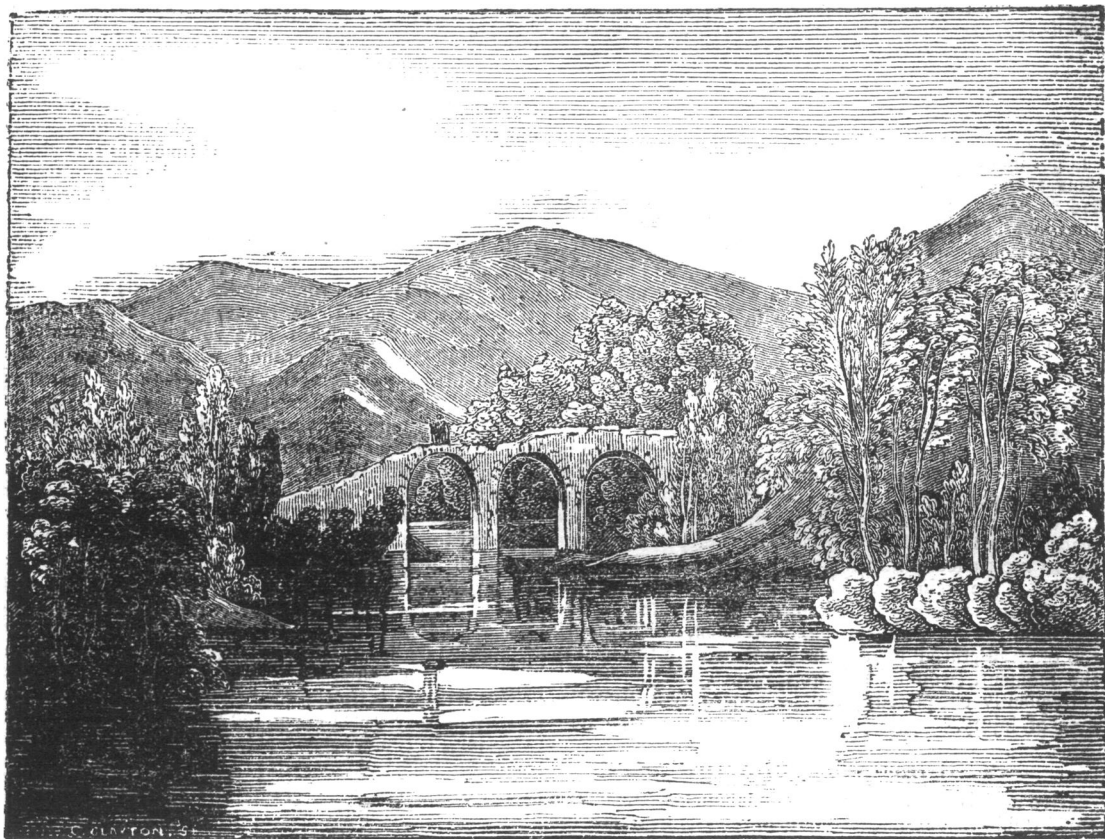
THE
DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY P. DIXON HARDY, M.R.I.A.

Vol. IV.

AUGUST 22, 1835.

No. 164.



CROMWELL'S BRIDGE, GLENGARIFF.

Were we to range through Ireland from Cape Clear to the Causeway, we should fail of finding richer or more romantic scenery than is to be met with in passing from Glengariff to Beerhaven. The river from the coast is navigable to within a short distance of the Bridge, of which we give a view, and which is situated about a mile from Glengariff. As we have already, in former numbers, described this interesting tract of country, we need only add, that Cromwell's Bridge, now half broken down, is a striking feature in the landscape.

AN INCIDENT OF 1799.

"The year '98," how painful are the reflections those words conjure up! Characterised by barbarity and crime, that year is indeed a melancholy epoch in the annals of Ireland, and cannot be remembered but with horror. How happy to be able to extract even a solitary instance of humanity from the crimsoned page that records the terrific character of that insurrection—to be able to point to one bright spot on the cloud in which that year is shrouded.

On a fine morning early in the May following the year to which we have alluded, while the eastern horizon was as yet alone tinged by the golden beams of the rising sun, a stout, well-built man, dressed in the usual garb of the Irish peasantry, was directing his steps along a bye-road from the town of Newry. The freshness of the air seemed to impart an elasticity to his tread which now and then quickened into a caper, that shook the ungartered stocking from his brawny leg, till by mutually approximating his head and foot, he with a jerk restored it to its original position. A convulsive twitching of his face betokened the presence of a painful thought. His brow knit, his cheek flushed, with iron grasp he clenched his stick, and

looked around him with marks of caution and determination. Presently these feelings of excitement softened down, and as he turned from thoughts of blood to the remembrance of the wife of his bosom, and the dear children of his heart, from whom the whirlpool of political dissension had parted him, the big tear started to his eye. Such on that morning was Timothy Ryan, who during the rebellion had been one of the most active of the insurgents, and who, by flying his country, had escaped the vengeance of the magistrates and the reward offered for his apprehension. It was on that very day he was returning to his family, in expectation that since "the signal sound of strife" was hushed, his errors would, through the interference of friends, be forgiven and forgot.

In this way he sauntered along, musing on the "warm sunnysmiles" and hearty welcome that awaited his return; when, having turned an angle of the road, he beheld an almost lifeless body lying in the ditch, while a horse, still fettered with bridle and saddle, was quietly browsing at some distance. Stooping, Ryan gazed on the purple face that was turned towards him—he started back—passion stamped its image on his brow, and the blood fled his compressed lips. It was Colonel O——, his greatest enemy—he who had unceasingly persecuted him—who had burned his cabin, and tracked him from hut to hut, and from covert to covert—who had stamped the brand of infamy on his name, and set a price upon his head—who had unrelentingly pursued him by day and by night, and had at last obliged him to flee, an exile from his country and his kindred. He advanced, and raised his foot, as if about to crush the object of his abhorrence; but compassion appeared suddenly to sway his breast, with an effort, violent indeed, but effective. It was he—and yet he *could not*

strike! He could not raise his arm against one so utterly helpless, so destitute, so completely in his power. He paused a moment, as if in mute deliberation; then raising the head of the magistrate, he propped him up against the bank, and hastily procuring water from an adjacent spring, dashed it over his face, and watched with eagerness and joy the signs of returning animation. He raised him in his arms, and placed him on his horse. His shoulder nobly lent its support to him he considered the author of his misfortunes—the ruiner of his house; and with a greatness of soul, that would have done honour to a more enlightened mind, he conducted him in safety to his home.

That day several officers (one of whom is my authority for the incident) called on the Colonel to inquire how he had got home, for they feared he might have met with some accident by the way, as on the preceding evening he had dined with them in Newry, and having become somewhat inebriated, though not to such a degree as to appear incapable of taking care of himself, had set out, undaunted by the darkness and loneliness of the road, and contrary to their wishes and entreaties, even without a companion. Finding him in bed, and covered with bruises, they asked him how they had been produced; but he could give no answer. He remembered wishing them good night, and mounting his horse, but nothing more. The servants were then questioned, and the tale was told how and by whose means he had been restored to his family. I need scarcely add, that the Colonel, having heard to whom he most probably owed his life, not only exerted himself to obtain his pardon, but took him under his own especial protection; and by showing him many marks of kindness, placed Timothy Ryan in comparative independence, and almost reconciled him to the existing order of things.

Such is the incident which appeared to me to be worthy of being more generally known, as it is, in truth, illustrative of the disposition of our countrymen, which, though too often disgraced by actions committed in the heat of the moment, (would that it were stained by none worse!) is frequently chequered by traits of generosity and forgiveness of injury.*

D. R.

THE HAUNTED CHAMBER.

Give an Irish peasant, after the labours of the day, a comfortable turf fire—place him around it with all the young and old of his acquaintances—let the tale of ghost and goblin go around—let him listen to the garrulity of old age, as it records the wondrous adventures that happened while the bloom of youth were yet upon its cheek, and he will deem himself happier than the sons of the noble and the wealthy of the land, for whom the proud mansion shines in splendid magnificence, while the sounds of merriment and rivalry re-echo through its halls.

No country ever abounded more in tales of the wonderful than Ireland; not a sod throughout its wide extent that is not associated with the recollection of some preternatural occurrence. Walk with a peasant through any part of the country, and this was the residence of a Ghost—that was the abode of the Fairies, here a horrid murder had been committed, which accounts for its being shunned by the weary traveller, and there some faithless damsel had broken the plighted vow, while even hence her white shad-dow-y form is seen to glide in the moonlight across the green sward, which had been witness to her perfidy. Superstition is natural to man, and it has existed in all age, it is strange, however, that all nations, though characterised each by a sort of superstition peculiar to themselves, yet agree in one point—namely, a firm belief in the existence of a mysterious connection between this and the world of spirits. Philosophy may endeavour to prove the fallacy of such opinions, and no doubt can do so to a considerable extent, but yet some regard must be paid to the general concurrence of mankind, and in deference to it 'tis only fair to imagine, that at one period of the world, the grave was not “the bourne from which no traveller returns,” but that the spirits of the dead have frequently been permitted to revisit the scene of their earthly pilgrimage. Ireland, however,

the land of fay and of fairy—of glen and of valley, peopled with strange and incorporeal beings, is more filled with wondrous stories that excite in us “thoughts beyond the reaching of our souls,” than any other country perhaps in the world. After all, it may not be unprofitable that such things should have been believed in; by means of them semblances of its early national character have been preserved, and a knowledge of the manners and customs of its aboriginal inhabitants, which would otherwise have been lost, has come down to us, lighted through the dark vista of successive generations, by the adventitious lustre of traditionary legends. The diffusion of Christianity now tends to weaken and almost to destroy our credulity, but nevertheless, it is pleasing occasionally to lift the veil of oblivion, which time has spread over the events of by-gone days, and view the state of the human mind before the light of revelation had spread its refulgence over the world.

In the western part of Ireland, stands a large and beautiful Castle, the residence of a very old and wealthy family. It is finely and romantically situated; all the beauties of nature seem to be clustered together in rich profusion around it; a large lake rolls its glossy waters in front, thickly planted around with trees of all kinds, which in some parts rearing their vast foliage to a considerable height, are reflected back in sombre relief from its clear and mirror-like surface. Behind it at some distance, a long range of mountains, in some parts thickly planted to their summits, rise in sublime grandeur till they almost lose themselves in the clouds; the Castle itself, which has been lately rebuilt, except one old ivy covered tower that has been allowed to remain as evidence of its antiquity, is large, spacious, and now embellished with all the beauties of modern architecture. From parts of it may be seen the broad sweep of the Atlantic, heaving along in majestic swell; a spacious piazza in front, supported by massy magnificent pillars of the Corinthian order, give it at first view a dark and imposing appearance. Before the Castle was rebuilt, a large fissure in the wall was very remarkable, the more so, as, according to the story, it could never be repaired. Frequent attempts had been made, but all proved ineffectual; the work went on very well by day, but after the interval of one night it resumed its former appearance. Parties had often sat up in order to discover the means by which such a strange counteraction of their labour was effected—they saw nothing, they heard nothing, and yet in the morning the same old crack was visible in the wall. The reason that is given for it is this:—Some centuries before there was one room in the Castle which was said to be haunted; strange and confused noises had been heard in it, till at last it was shut up and completely deserted, no one wishing to expose themselves to the horrors which had been endured by those who had already ventured to sleep in it; many daring persons had made the experiment, and the account given by them was truly wonderful. Some had the most frightful and appalling dreams of bloodshed and murder, which they saw perpetrated before them, while the bed on which they lay was floating in a boundless sea of blood, which was lit up by a blue sulphury light. Some imagined that they were taken to the top of a high precipitous cliff, beneath which lay the infernal regions, while by some unseen power, they were plunged into the fiery abyss below. Some thought that they were conveyed to a dismal vault lined round with skeletons, each holding a torch, which emitted a blue sulphurous light, while a taper of the same kind seemed to cast its horrid glare through the empty sockets of their eyes, and occasionally they sent forth an unearthly laugh, that re-echoed through the vault. Others thought that they had seen the devil stalking through the room. It was also remarked of all who had ever slept in the room, that they never survived long, but generally pined away without any apparent cause. The wonderful events connected with this room spread far and wide, and though it was now completely shut up, yet the domestics were frequently frightened by the horrid noises which proceeded from it. A belief existed in those days, that the devil had frequently selected particular places on earth, which he visited with his presence; such selection was generally supposed to indicate that the place thus pitched upon, had

* We trust our correspondent will excuse the liberty we have taken with his communication. We could not otherwise give it insertion.